

February 9, 1989

Dear Mom,

Just a note to wrap around these pictures and bring you up to date on things here. I seem to be a bit stronger than I was a few weeks ago, able to take care of myself, do household chores, grocery shopping, and even some Archives work. I still have serious respiratory problems that have to be reconciled with. But my spirits are up and my attitude is very positive.

I expect to start receiving hyper-immune plasma therapy within the next couple of weeks or as soon as they can get the program totally set up and attract enough qualified donors. In the meantime, I am about one-third of the way through a planned twenty-one-day course of Pentamidine aerosol inhalation treatments--one per day which I administer to myself at home each morning. That's for treatment of the chronic pneumonia (PCP) that I have been plagued with since August of last year. I take these treatments lying down on my bed with the foot of the bed up on eight-inch blocks. This position is thought to be more likely to deliver the drug to the upper lobes of my lungs where the infection has persisted for so long. I am optimistic that this method has a chance of working where other treatments (in an upright position) have failed.

I want to thank you for your cards and notes. They mean a lot to me and they do make a difference. My lesbian/gay family continues to lavish attention and kindnesses upon me, so you see, I am twice blessed.

Last night nominations for our annual gay/lesbian community awards were announced. I was honored to be nominated for "Man of the Year" award. And the Archives was nominated for best community organization. That's a pretty nice tribute even if we do not actually win the awards.

I hope that you are well and warm, and that Britany and J.D. aren't running you too ragged. Be of good cheer and know that I love you.

*Bob*

Note: A copy of this letter was sent to Gail for her information.